



Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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ENGLISH AND FRENCH MORALS CONTRASTED.—No Englishman who observes and compares can resist the impression, that whatever the French nation may be, Paris is an immoral capital. Admitted within the threshold of society, he finds intrigues of gallantry the great staple of conversation, as if they were the business of life. An acquaintance with the town discovers to him sensuality reduced to system—governed by a certain conventional decency, and a certain economy of fortune health, and time. London, it must be admitted, teems with vice and crime, and the wealthy who are so numerous, can be as sumptuously profigate as they please. But in London there is a barrier between the degraded and the honest of the sex. Vice in London presents her face ungauzed—in her deformity—and debauchery is so intemperate and coarse—so prodigal of fortune health and character, that it destroys or degrades its victim after a short career, or else it becomes revolting after the riotous animal spirits of youth have evaporated. It is a maxim in England, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. We will not answer for its truth, but we assert, that in Paris a rake is never reformed. It is not necessary that he should. Vice is there refined and veiled, so as to shock neither the individual himself nor the world. The reputable and disreputable of the community are separated by no distinct line of demarcation. In London this boundary is universally if not strictly observed. There is doubtless in London a greater prevalence of intemperance and orgies. This we think may be in part ascribed to the exclusion of evening visits. In Paris one may make an evening visit unmasked, on mere acquaintance. The luxuries and ostentation of eating and drinking, which seem the main object of evening society in London, are there subordinate or little thought of. But still this restricted English system of evening society, while it promotes coarse dissipation abroad, keeps the domestic circle but the more pure at home. The wives and daughters of England cannot return improved from a residence in Paris. There are few circles into which a modest Englishwoman, with merely English habits, could advantageously be introduced. The women of France mingle with the men in the conversation of the world on an equal footing—Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen, who talk freely of the intrigues of the opera dancers, and discuss chastity and ‘the senses,’ like philosophers, without further transgression. An Englishwoman, laying aside her national reserve, and indulging in a new license, will not know with the Frenchwoman when and where to stop. But we must guard ourselves against being misunderstood. Englishmen in France, deceived by the frank and familiar tone of Frenchwomen, have sometimes formed notions and made representations of their general conduct alike vulgar and unfounded. No woman, we believe, of any country, know better when and how to make themselves respected. Their conjugal infidelities are not more frequent than elsewhere, and the fault, (we assert it in all seriousness,) should be charged upon their husbands. Every Frenchman affects gallantry, makes a declaration to every woman he meets, sets the example of seduction to his neighbour, and of levity to his wife, and has little right to complain. We again disclaim imputing to Frenchwomen infidelity as wives—we judge them, on the contrary, tender generous, and devoted. But the man who possesses the hand of a Frenchwoman without her heart, or who having gained her heart no longer prizes it, is, we think, somewhat exposed to what they pleasantly term the common lot.—*British and Foreign Review.*

Pictou, 11th July.—Arrived....H. M. S. Champion, commander Fair, only two days from the Mag. Island, where she left the Gulhare, (surveying vessel) captain Bayfield. All was quiet and well at the Magdalens;...not a single American fishing vessel there, nor was there the smallest complaint made in intimation of any affray having taken place between the American fishermen and those of Isle of Cape Breton. Since the Champion's last appearance at Pictou, she has cruized along the shores of Nova Scotia, Canada, and the Labrador Coast, visited our fishing establishments at Bay Chaleur, Gaspé, Perie, &c. On the Labrador, from Mount Joli as far westward as the Bay of Seven Islands, visiting the several settlements and establishments along the coast, including those at Mingan St. Johns, and the seven Islands,...she left the latter port on the 30th June, and Nat-saquin, near Mount Joli on the 2d inst., affording countenance and support to our various settlements along this extensive line of tour, and medical assistance to many who stood much in need of it, in the remote parts which the Champion visited. The settlers and inhabitants (British subjects), were delighted to see the British flag, and would often talk of the old country—and give vent to warm expressions of love and loyalty.

No American fishing vessels had been seen on the coast of Labrador this year—not interfered with our fisheries anywhere along our shores. In the spring they visited the shores of the Magdalen Islands, in the exercise of a right, though probably against our interest; nevertheless, as they have, by treaty, the right, we have no cause, no just cause, to complain of them.

The Champion's presence has, we have no doubt given to the American schooners a more Northerly and easterly direction, and secured to our own fishermen the privilege, if they have only the industry to profit by it.

The Future.—There are at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points I allude to the Russians & the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place amongst nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power, but these are still in the act of growth; all the others are stopped or continue to advance with extreme difficulty, these are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the former combats the wilderness and former life; the latter civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the sword. The Anglo American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm; the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter servitude....Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

Arbitrary institutions will not forever prevail in the Russian Empire. As successive provinces and kingdoms are added to their vast dominions...as their sway extends over the regions of the south, the abode of wealth and long established civilization, the passion for conquest will expire. Satiety will extinguish this as it does all other desires. With the acquisition of wealth, and settlement in fixed abodes, the desire of protection from arbitrary power will spring up and the passions of freedom will arise as they did in Greece, Italy, and modern Europe. Free institutions will ultimately appear in the realms conquered by a Muscovite, as they did in those won by Gothic valour. But the passions and desires of an earlier stage of existence will long agitate the millions of the Russo Asiatic race and after democratic desires have arisen, and free institutions exist in their older provinces the wave of the northern conquest will still be pressed on by semi-barbarous hordes from its remoter dominions. Freedom will gradually arise out of security and repose; but the fever of conquest will not be finally extinguished till it has performed its destined mission and the Standards of the Cross are brought down to the Indian Ocean.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

General Gaines.—The New Orleans papers of the 16th ultimo contain the important information that General Gaines has actually crossed the frontier and marched to Nacogdoches, with the United States troops under his command, leaving orders for his expected reinforcements of volunteers and mounted gun-men, to follow him thither. If we are not much deceived, the causes and consequence of this movement will hereafter become topics of serious consideration.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

The Globe states that the president, to all those who have conversed with him on the subject, has unreservedly declared that in his opinion, ‘Santa Anna deserves the most ignominious death,’ and that the only justification for the lenity shown him was to be found in the condition of Texas, which might render it proper to subject the demands of justice to the policy of getting rid of the armies of Mexico, through the influence of the chief.’ Surely the president never intended or expected that these and such like declarations of his opinion on this subject would be officially promulgated! What will the Mexicans think of this authorized denunciation of their captive president by a ‘friendly’ nation? For a private citizen to entertain and express the opinion that Santa Anna for his cruelties and barbarities deserved death and ought to be put to death, is not only not improper but very natural. Not so, however, with the president of the United States, as must be seen without argument or illustration.—There is a certain comity of expression if not of feeling, which is due from one nation to another, no matter what may be thought of the public acts of those at the head of the government, and which ought not to be disregarded or violated. As for Santa Anna, individually, we are quite willing to leave him to the ‘tender mercies’ of his captors, who having the power in their hands, can now act without let or hindrance, and ought to act without advice or suggestion, especially from our president.—*ib.*

William D. Grey.—This young man, whom our readers may perhaps recollect as the one from whom, it was said, Robinson borrowed the cloak which he wore on the night of Ellen Jewett's murder, has been lately brought before the Court of Sessions, on a charge of grand larceny, and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State Prison, at any labor the Superintendent may appoint.

The history of Grey is full of deep and solemn interest both to young men and parents and guardians under whose care they are placed. He came from Ohio to this city only two years since. At that time he was a member in regular standing, of an orthodox church, in Zanesville, and united with the church in Gold street in this city, where he was a teacher in the Sabbath school. He brought letters of recommendation to some of the most respectable merchants, and was in the stores of Wright and Winston, Wilbur and Buckley, and Doremus, Suydam and Nixon. Evil associates first led him astray, and he was soon so lost to virtue and self-respect as to marry a woman of abandoned character with whom, as might be expected, he lived very unhappily. The expenses of his life of profligacy were so great he was obliged like others of the same stamp, to have recourse to theft and robbery in order to meet them, and he has been stopped short in his career by the detection of his aggravated guilt. In two short years how changed are all his prospects! Then he

was respectable and happy, and bid fair to become a useful member of society. Now he is branded with the stamp of indelible disgrace, and associated in crime and punishment with the vilest felons, ‘and none so low to do him reverence.’

Concord, (New Hampshire) July 18.—Never did the earth exhibit a greater burden of hay and of all the materials for sustaining our flocks and herds than it does at this time in New England. With an abundance man ought not to complain. In the new and fertile soil of the West and South, bread stuffs can be produced with less labour we have the advantage of higher prices in what we do produce; & it is questionable whether even the ease with which wheat and cotton are produced in the soil peculiarly adapted to their cultivation, is not more than counterbalanced by our superior advantages in furnishing for other people what they are obliged to purchase with the avails of their agricultural products. With present prospects we believe that few people who can make themselves well off here will be ultimate gainers by emigrating to the West or South in anticipation of seeking fortunes in a moment.

On sucking corn.—I had the pleasure about five years ago, to spend a day in company with old Mr. Macon of North Carolina, when our conversation was principally on the subjects of agriculture; and among others the cultivation of Indian corn. After having inquired whether I had the suckers which grew from the roots of the corn pulled off, as is the common practice, and received my answer in the affirmative, he informed me that he had suffered them to remain, having from repeated experiments, ascertained that they did not injure the corn, but on the contrary, the suckers, more frequently than otherwise produced good ears of corn; and that if they failed to do so, there was an increase of fodder. I have since tried the experiment, and witnessed the following results: that after carefully examining the ears of corn on the stalks producing suckers, they were found to be as good as the ears on the surrounding stalks not producing them; that a large majority of the suckers produced good corn, though the ears generally were smaller than those on the mother stalk, and that (of course) there was an increase of fodder. Without entering into an inquiry, whether corn ought not to be planted so thick as to prevent its producing suckers [of which I am not sure] if thick planting will prevent it, or whether the pulling them off may not injure the corn by inflicting wounds on the stalks. I can now safely recommend Mr. Macon's practice, as saving the time and labor of pulling off suckers, and what is of more consequence, as producing an increase of the crop of corn and fodder. I ought to add that none but the suckers growing from the root ought to be suffered to remain.—*Far. Reg.*

Trick for Trick.—Jotham Dobbs, engaged at Barnet, Vt. as a schoolmaster, and came recommended by his minister. His agreement with the committee was, that he should receive \$500 a year, and if he gave perfect satisfaction he should receive \$200 more. Of course, at the end of the time he did not suit; (why should he have done so, when it would have cost the town 200?) and he was furnished with leave of absence. Jotham could swallow any thing in reason, but this was too bad. To pacify him they promised a recommendation of good behaviour and first rate qualifications as a schoolmaster, and of their perfect satisfaction with him. Jotham was satisfied with the bargain, and the recommendation was given. Jotham saw that all was right and squaring up to the committee, he said, ‘I'll just thank ye for the \$200, according to agreement, for I've got your certificate to it in my pocket.’ The committee were beaten, and had to settle with Jotham on his own terms.

The above story, which has gone the rounds, is likely enough true, except the amount of the salary. \$500 per year for a schoolmaster would frighten the good people of Vermont out of their *cents-es*. 10 dollars per month is the usual price with the privilege of ‘boarding round,’ and eating cold gander for breakfast, dinner and supper, by way of variety.—[Bost. Da. Times.

Ocular Demonstration.—Sunday week, among the tens of thousands who enjoyed the majestic spectacle of the eclipse, there was an honest weaver in a neighboring village, who, like many others, is imbued with the honorable desire of giving his children a more extensive education than he enjoyed himself. When the eclipse became annular, he exclaimed, ‘I wish our Tam was here. Shune after he gaed to astronomy, he used to deceive me about the

sun being mony thousan's o' times bigger than the moon, but I aye tellt him he was mista'en. What better proof would he have than to see the aye laid straught on the tap o' the tither? I allow the sun is biggest, but I'm sure it's no aboon thoom breadth each way. If he wudna believe me he would surely believe his ain twa een.’—*Paisley Advertiser.*

Scene in a School Room.—‘What studies do you intend to pursue?’ said an erudit pedagogue one day, as Johnny Raw entered his school room. ‘Why, I shall study read, I suppose, wouldn't ye?’ ‘Yes, but you will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?’ ‘It's a pity if I aint, when I've cyphered clean through *adoption*.’ ‘Adoption! what rule is that?’ ‘Why it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four; and according to adoption, twice four is two.’ ‘You may take your seat, sir,’ said the master,—‘and you may take your too,’ said the pupil, ‘for it's a poor rule that wout work both ways.’

Right About.—An Irishman having hired a saddle horse mounted the animal with his face towards the tail. The hostler told him he was on wrong end foremost. ‘Oh! my honey,’ said Pat, ‘how do you know which way I'm going?’

An Eloquent Judge.—A Tennessee judge lately closed a legal opinion in the following clear and emphatic manner: ‘On all these points, I am very clear but the judges of this state are such damned fools, that no man can tell how they decide.’

Sudden and awful death.—On Sunday forenoon last, a waterman by the name of Mariner, while in a state of intoxication, fell from Mr. Counter's Wharf, and was drowned. The Schooner Enterprise of Oswego, had just arrived, from which he had taken a line, and made it fast, and was turning round the end of a wood-pile, when he missed his footing and fell in, sinking immediately to the bottom. The Captain of the Enterprise instantly plunged into the water, but was unable to reach the body on account of the great depth of water, which however at length he succeeded in doing by the use of grapples. Active measures were adopted for resuscitating the body, but life was extinct....*King. Herald, July 19.*

Killed by a Bee Sting.—Mr. White, of the firm of Woodruff & White, Louisville, Kentucky, while examining a bee hive on Monday, June 27th, was stung on the temple by a bee, and immediately expired. He was in the enjoyment of good health in the morning, and was buried in the evening.

Incendiaries.—The beautiful new Villa of Capt. Kingsmill at Port Hope, U.C. was last week totally consumed by fire. So satisfied is the public mind that the diabolical act was the work of an incendiary or incendiaries that in one day £500, were subscribed as a reward to bring the offenders to punishment.

Riot in Cincinnati.—A number of individuals in that city on the night of the 12th ult. pulled down the printing office of the anti-slavery paper, published by Mr. Birney, and demolished the printing press—there being no other materials then in the office.

Benevolence.—Happy is the man who is free from envy, who wishes and rejoices in his neighbour's prosperity, being contented with his own condition and delighted at the good fortune of those around him: his sympathetic breast beats in unison with the sufferer, and from his little store bestows a generous mite to the children of poverty. Enjoyment attends him through the various walks of life, and misfortune rests lightly on his head—the morsel which he eats is sweet and nourishing—the water which he drinks is cool and refreshing—and the straws which support his weary limbs, soothe him in soft forgetfulness. When he visits his neighbours in trouble, that the eye of sorrow wears a smile and the distressed breast ceases to heave a sigh. Like a minister of peace, he is received among them, and his words prove the oil of consolation. Surely he, above the rest of his fellow mortals, partakes of heaven here below and a bliss which none but the virtuous ever claim.

A good Conscience.—Above all things strive to have a good conscience. Most studiously avoid giving your heart the least motive to reproach you on account of your actions, and the means you employ to at-

tain it. Never pursue crooked ways and you may firmly rely upon good consequences, and the assistance of God, and of good men, in time of need. Although you should be thwarted for some time by misfortune, yet the blissful consciousness of the goodness of your heart, and the rectitude of your designs, will afford you uncommon strength and comfort: your sorrowful countenance will interest those with whom you converse, much more than the grimaces of a smiling and grinning villain who seems to be happy.

ENGLAND.

The absorbing topic in London was the case of Norton vs Viscount Melbourne, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The distinguished literary talents of the trial-lady, and the high political rank of the noble defendant, have given to this cause an unusual interest. An abridged report of the trial is given in the Liverpool Albion of the 25th June, with the speeches of Sir William Follett, council for the plaintiff; of the Attorney General for defendant, and the summing up of Lord Chief Justice Tindall, before whom, and a special jury of the county of Middlesex, it was tried on the 22d inst.

A verdict was returned for the defendant, and on being declared, cries of 'bravo' and hisses arose from different parts of the court, which was crowded to excess—they were not quelled without some trouble on the part of the officers, whose duty it is to preserve order. From perusal of the evidence given by the Liverpool paper, though we readily admit that it did not permit the jury to come to any other decision than that which they adopted, still enough was shewn to leave a moral conviction on the mind of every one, that an improper intercourse existed between Viscount Melbourne and Mrs Norton, but the act of adultery was not substantiated by the witnesses. There does not, however, appear on the face of the proceedings, any thing like connivance on the part of the husband, or an improper neglect of the society of his wife. He had been appointed to an official situation, that of one of the stipendiary Magistrates of a police office at the east end of the town, in the year 1831, on his losing some other appointment, and on the personal application of Mrs. Norton to the defendant in the present case. The duties of that office required his attendance from an early hour in the day till six or seven in the evening, and sometimes later; he was consequently necessarily much absent from his residence, which was at the west end of the town, and in the intervals of his absence, Viscount Melbourne was a constant visitor of his lady, often remaining for two or three hours with her, and circumstances came out, on the evidence of servants, certainly enough to cause his husband to entertain strong and just suspicions, but not sufficient to warrant a jury in returning any other verdict than that which was rendered in favour of the defendant. The extent of the acquittal, as it appears, will be best expressed in the Scotch law term, of 'not proven.' The visits of the lady to other noblemen were also proved in evidence, and amongst others, to the bachelor Duke of Devonshire; a line of conduct certainly, not shewing much regard to character, the opinion of the world, or the ordinary conventional rules of society. Still from the abridgement of the report in the paper we quote, we see nothing to justify the cry raised by the Ministerial party of a Tory conspiracy to pull down a Minister by exposing, not his political delinquencies, but the profligacy of his private life. The only shadow of a suspicion which gives rise to the charge, that the Premier used his power to pander to his passion, is to be found in the fact that Mrs. Norton, on her husband losing one situation, applied to his Lordship for his appointment to some place of equal value; out of this arose the intimacy, which has led to the consequence exposed upon the trial.

A conference was held on the 17th June, between the Commons and the Lords, on the subject of the amendments to the Irish Municipal Bill. Lord Melbourne then moved, 'that the Bill as amended by the Commons be presented and taken into consideration on Friday the 24th June.'—Agreed to.

In the Commons, on the 17th June, Sir G. Sinclair asked, it having been proposed to proceed with the Irish tithe Bill, why the Government did not proceed with the Irish Church Bill, especially as it stood first on the orders of the day? Lord John Russell answered that as it contained the principle of appropriation, and as the Lords' opinions had been more than once obtained, he saw little hope of carrying it through the other house; he therefore preferred to proceed with those Bills, in which they were more likely to obtain the concurrence of the other house.

NEWSPAPER STAMPS.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, 'That it is expedient that the duty now payable be reduced, and that the duty paid and payable on every sheet or piece of paper whereupon a newspaper is printed, shall in future be one penny subject to such provisions respecting the size of newspapers, and the printing of supplements as may hereafter be advisable.' Sir C. Knightly moved as an amendment, 'That instead of the reduction on newspapers, the excise duty on hard soap be reduced from 1½d. to 1d. per lb., and on soft soap from 1d. to ½d. per lb.' The resolution reducing the duty on newspapers was, after debate, carried 241 to 208—majority 23.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Last Evening, Saturday, about six o'clock, a new attempt was made upon the King's life, which fortunately proved as unsuccessful as the former. Just as his Majesty had entered his carriage to return to Neuilly, and was passing under the gateway leading to the quay, a young man who had placed himself on the side opposite to that of the post of the National Guard, lifted up a cane, in which a pistol barrel had been fixed placed it in the carriage door, and fired it at the King. Louis Philippe was at that moment bowing to the National Guards through the other window. Whether the assassin felt agitated, or, as it is stated, was pushed while engaged in taking aim, the ball did not touch the King who immediately after the explosion, made a sign that he was not wounded, and ordered the coach to be driven on to Neuilly. The King was with the Queen, and his sister, Madame Adelais, and a detachment of dragoons escorted the carriage. On hearing the explosion the National guards rushed on the man, who still held the weapon in his hand. He refused to tell his name, and when recognized by several persons who knew him, said he was, a commercial traveller,

and that his name was Alibœuf; he pretended that Alibœuf was an assumed name and refused to give his real name from regard to his family. He was dressed in a neat frock coat, but his shirt was dirty and in rags, and was without stockings. In the evening, all the Ministers, the Peers and the Deputies present at Paris, went out to Neuilly to congratulate the King on his escape. His Majesty was to receive a deputation, of both Chambers on Sunday in the palace of the Tuilleries. It is said that the Queen took out of the King's hair some of the wadding that had been lodged therein. It was also reported that a courier had been despatched to the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, to invite them to return in all haste to Paris.—*Cour. Francois June 26.*

London, June 29th.—The Paris papers of Tuesday, which we have received by express, bring a variety of new particulars relative to Alibœuf and his late attempt on the life of the King. We do not find among them, however, any fact of importance.—The criminal continues to declare that his secret was known only to himself, and that his only accomplices were his two arms. He regrets that he did not despatch himself with sufficient quickness after discharging his gun and still more that he missed the King. To all the questions put to him, as to his reason for having wished to murder the King, he gives but one answer, and that answer is—that the men of the present day are too great egotists to understand and appreciate the motive by which he had been actuated. A pretty species of 'philosophy' it must be considered which has directed the hand of the assassin!

A great number of young men have been arrested on suspicion of being connected with secret societies. Several gunsmiths' shops have been visited by the police, and all prohibited arms found in them have been seized. In the shop of M. Desvimes, who had innocently supplied Alibœuf with the stick gun used on Saturday, 14 similar guns were found and taken away. The police, as is always the case in Paris immediately after the commission of some political crime, had become extremely active and vigilant. There is no appearance, however, of any intention on the part of the Government to apply to the Legislature for any measure of severity in consequence of what has recently occurred.

Paris, June 30.—Although closely confined in a strait-waistcoat, the prisoner Alibœuf made another attempt on his life. One of the two guards who remained with him in his cell having gone out to buy some tobacco, he prevailed on the other soon after to go in quest of his companion, but the door had scarcely been locked on him when rushing with violence against the wall, the prisoner made a desperate effort to put an end to his existence. To obviate the renewal of such an attempt, a well padded cushion has since been fastened on his head, and his feet have been tied together in such a way as to compel him in taking exercise, to move at a more deliberate pace. When Fieschi and his fellow conspirators were condemned to death by the Court of Peers, the King is reported to have said, that had their crime been directed against his own life or that of his family, he would have exercised in their favor his prerogative of mercy. Hence it is inferred that when judgment shall have been passed upon Alibœuf, His Majesty will interfere to prevent its execution. Some even go so far as to contend that this is to lead to an act of amnesty for all past political offences, and a general reconciliation of every class of citizens to the new order of things.—In the mean time, however, a great many new arrests have taken place, to the number of nearly one hundred, but with a single exception not bearing at all upon the isolated crime of Alibœuf.

No later accounts have been received from General Evans, and very great anxiety prevails to learn the answer to his representations, which he must ere now have received from the Spanish Government and which would regulate the course it behoved him to adopt.

TURKEY.

There has been a diplomatic dispute, at the court of the Sultan, which is not yet over. A Mr. Churchill went out shooting, on Monday 9, and, by accident, slightly wounded a Turkish boy. He was immediately seized by the Turks, at Para, and taken before the Cadi and the Kaya of Sartori, and by them summarily sentenced to...the bastinado! Churchill is an Englishman, and such treatment was likely to be resented by Lord Ponsonby, the British Ambassador at the Court of Turkey. After being so well bastinadoed that he could not walk, poor Churchill was committed a prisoner to the Bagno; here he was detained for ten days, and his incarceration was rendered as unpleasant as possible. Contumely was heaped upon contumely, and the more Lord Ponsonby remonstrated, the less was done to alleviate poor Churchill's sufferings. He was released on May 16, and the blame is now thrown on Reis Effendi, who transfers it to the Cadi and Kaya of Sartori. The persons are believed to have sent an exaggerated statement to the Sultan, in which Churchill's accident was represented as a *wilful* occurrence. Hence the Sultan sanctioned the punishment, although, by existing treaties, no British subject at Constantinople can be punished without the concurrence of the Ambassador. During Churchill's imprisonment, the merchants of the different nations sent urgent addresses to their ambas-

sadors entreating them to interfere strenuously and promptly in Mr. Churchill's behalf. In consequence, the whole diplomatic body (even the Russian Ambassador) sent letters to the Sultan, in which they manifested their surprise and annoyance at the unmerited and unexampled treatment of Mr. Churchill, and demanding, in a bold tone, whether or not the Porte considered its treaties with the European powers to be at an end, as this was doubtful from the deliberate violation of them. Lord Ponsonby, too, said that he would consider the affair as a national insult, and treat it as such. He informed the Porte that he had suspended all communication with Akiff Effendi, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, he having proved himself unworthy of confidence, he requested that some other officer would be named with whom he might communicate in future. It was after this, that Churchill's release from the Bagno took place. The Sultan then did what he should have done before...instituted an inquiry into the facts of the case. It appeared that Cadi and the Kaya Bey of Scutari, had behaved in an arbitrary manner, and, to screen themselves, had misrepresented the case to the Sultan; they were dismissed from their respective situations. This, however, did not satisfy the English Ambassador, who stoutly maintained that he would not transact business with the Reis Effendi.

Paris, Tuesday, June 28.—Lord Ponsonby and the Porte.—Despatches from Constantinople, dated 9th inst., arrived to this government last night, by a French Courier. They state that all intercourse between Lord Ponsonby and the Porte had ceased; and the rest of the diplomatic body, finding the affair become so serious, had backed out of it, refusing further to interfere. I am bound to add, without of course expressing an opinion of my own, that *Corps diplomatique* consider that Lord Ponsonby went too far in his demands and menaces....The Ottoman fleet, which had orders and was ready to sail, was, in consequence of the state of this question countermanded, and the squadron which had already quitted the Bosphorus, was recalled (that is, orders for its recall were issued.) The reason for these measures was lest the British fleet should attempt to seize that of Turkey by a *coup de main*.

The Porte is, in other respects, assuming a defensive attitude, and is displaying an unpleasant degree of enmity or of inciency towards England. A few days before the date of those despatches, a firman applied for to enable a British vessel (with despatches) to enter the Black Sea, was formally refused by the Turkish Government.

M. Bourtanoff (the Russian Ambassador) had forwarded to his court and to London remonstrances and protests against the conduct of Lord Ponsonby, justifying himself against the imputation of having had anything to do in producing the treatment of which Mr. Churchill had been the object. The Austrian Ambassador had also protested against those accusations, declaring them unfounded.

This is not all.

The Austrian Government has forwarded to its Representative at the Court of London a formal protest and remonstrance against the conduct of Lord Ponsonby in the respect in question, and stating unequivocally that it (the Austrian Government) will consider as a declaration of war any act of hostility committed against Turkey by any power of Europe, and that it is determined, moreover, to maintain in its fullest extent and meaning the integrity of the Ottoman empire.

I cannot close this hurried but important statement without adding that all the despatches received last night (and there were three besides that from which these particulars are extracted) speak of the affair as very serious indeed.

We subjoin an important and interesting article from the last number of the Farmer's Advocate:—

The improvements now in progress in the town of Sherbrooke, which is the centre of the Land Company's operations, are on a scale which at once impresses us with a conviction of the Company's determination to make the capital of the Eastern Townships worthy of the natural resources of the country. The plan of the new town has been laid out by no niggardly hand; no pauper saving has been allowed to interfere with the arrangements dictated by good taste. A most beautiful road has been opened out along the winding banks of the Magog which is to be connected with other parts of the town by a variety of cross streets. A party of emigrants are now employed cutting out a street of 100 feet wide, which is to pass through the centre of the intended town from the River St. Francis to the Magog. An extensive foundry is also being built opposite to the Company's Factory, and one of the corner lots of the new Broadway has already been purchased by a Quebec Firm, who we understand intend shortly to commence business on different principles from the old slow coach system hitherto pursued. The reign of pauper monopolies is drawing to a close. The natural tendency of the advance of society is to create a sort of balance of power between all the different interests of the community. Trade, agriculture, manufactures, &c. are all regulated by one another, and any undue profits in either branch are speedily reduced to their proper level by opposition, and capital withdrawn from less profitable speculations. It is not

many years, since business was understood in England as it is now, and it is still a shorter period since the true principles of business were acted upon in our leading cities. * * * * *

The extraordinary abundance of money in England is demonstrated by the facility with which it can be borrowed to any amount, even at so low a rate as 3 per cent, and this accounts for its tendency to seek means of investment in other countries, where, on account of its scarcity, it is at a higher premium. American Rail-Roads, Mexican Mines, and Canadian Land Companies, are all put into operation with English money; where a fair prospect can be shown of any thing being realized beyond the ordinary rate of interest, money may be borrowed in millions, as easily as in thousands. A little reflection must convince us of the course which is to insure prosperity to this our adopted country, and in connexion with our own happiness. There is now a cloud hanging over our intellects; there seems to be a sort of paralysis of reason which allows us to lug with affection the chains which bind us down to a rude mediocrity, unambitious of advancement, and contemplating with apathy, the splendid improvements elsewhere careering thro' the world. There is no one in the Townships who can say that he is not sensible of the beneficial change which has taken place during the last 12 months; there is no one who can say that a hundred pounds may not now be more easily raised on property than a hundred dollars five years ago. This improvement has taken place in the face of the most furious opposition. How much farther might the course of improvement be forwarded by an enlightened legislature and a wise Governor, assisting individual exertion. Instead of this, we have to view with disgust, the nature and composition of the Assembly, which ought to guard the liberties and cherish the industry of the people; themselves the most malignant promoters of strife the patrons of proscriptions; wasting the money which ought to be devoted to internal improvements, in paying bribed agents in England to advocate their party views, and striving with all their energies by means of the most dishonest political intrigues to elevate themselves on the ruins of British interests in the province. We see the cloven foot of the Assembly in the character of the persons chosen by them to disseminate their diabolical principles amongst us. Shall we not then raise our humble voice to warn those who wish the prosperity of the country against the false arguments and specious pretences by which it is attempted to mislead their judgments.

At this moment, the country is virtually governed by Frenchmen, knit together as a National Body. What care they for men of British or American origin? They were once humbled and they remember it. They swore allegiance to Britain and were freely admitted to the privileges of her sons, but this has been to them like the sheath of the assassins stiletto. We want trade, commerce, science, arts and manufactures to flourish amongst us. What knowledge have our House of Assembly of these things? Where can they possibly have acquired it? Is it the notary of a French Hamlet who struts about like a little turkey cock all ruffles and plumes, who is to regulate our commercial intercourse with other countries? Is it the man whose early habits have been formed in a rum shop, and who may perhaps boast of some success in its adulteration, who is to regulate the organization of our social and political system? 'Tis truly lamentable to be subject to such a solemn mockery....let us all unite in one grand effort to work out our liberties. We have only to convince the British Government of our wishes and of the actual state of the country to secure a successful result to our efforts.

In the *Montreal Gazette* of the 26th ult. we find a copy of a Dispatch from Lord Glenelg to His Majestys commissioners of enquiry in Lower Canada, which we shall give at length in future numbers. They give a more edifying peep behind the scenes where the wires are drawn and the puppets set in motion: the secret is fully disclosed of the influences which regulated the eccentric course of Lord Gosford: his Excellency has been drilled quite in the McDougal style, and after such a meek endurance of discipline, we need scarcely despair of seeing the worthy Colonel's plan adopted of putting governors through their evolutions by the sound of the bugle. The instructions are the most puerile which probably ever emanated from the Colonial Office! Nothing but the color of his Lordship's coat and waist-coat is wanting, to make the document complete in the precision of its details. Nothing seems to have been left to Lord Gosford's discretion, he appears to have been selected as the most pliable instrument that could be found to adapt itself to the peculiar views of the Colonial Secretary, whose knowledge of the Canadian affairs appears to have been picked up from the *Grievance Reports* of the Clique.—*Farm. Ad.*

UPPER CANADA.

Look on this picture, and on this!—The few past weeks have brought about great changes in Upper Canada,—changes which will exert a happy and salutary influence on the country for ages yet to come. But a few weeks since an aspiring bigoted political faction, intent upon ruin and revolution, was high in power and bid defiance to all justice and all law. But a few weeks since, the reckless agitators of the public peace spread the blighting mania of factions

sentiment throughout the country, and numerous as locusts in the land of the Nile, occupied every post and lurking place, defiling all they touched, and polluting even the salubrious atmosphere with their pestilential effusions. But a few weeks since political disaffection, with exulting aspect, glared upon you from every side, and seemed to say, while fattening on the public spoils, tomorrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant. But a few weeks since, the friends of British supremacy, of good order, of public peace, were involved in universal gloom, and almost led to doubt the stability of all they hold dear, as men, as British subjects; enterprise was checked—improvement discontinued, merchants in despair, and mechanics fleeing to foreign parts; and to adopt the beautiful simile of Sir Francis Head, this province resembled a young and healthy tree that had been girdled, and which by its drooping branches indicated that its nourishment had been deliberately cut off.

But a change has come over the spirit of the scene, and in a few weeks the wonted order of things has been restored. The depression that pervaded the public mind has been removed—the gloom and doubt that rested upon our provincial affairs, have been dispelled...the friends of excitement stand abashed, and the loyal and well disposed now join in triumph. The change is indeed propitious, and will long be felt throughout the country. Not a cloud now darkens our political sky—the thunder have spent their violence—the scene is tranquil, bright and lovely, and under the divine blessing it only requires becoming efforts on our part to keep it so.—*Kings-ton Chronicle & Gazette.*

The opinion which prevails throughout the Province respecting the necessity of increasing the number of our Banks and the amount of our banking capital, may be ascertained from the fact that there are no less than eleven notices already given in the *Official Gazette*, of applications for Banks, to the Provincial Parliament at its next session.

1 To increase the capital of the Bank of U. C.	Com-	
2 do do do Com-		
3 For a Bank in Prince Edward Dis-	£500,000	
4 Do Niagara, capital	100,000	
5 Do Dundas, capital	200,000	
6 Do Western District, ' 200,000		
7 Do Brockville, ' 200,000		
8 Do St. Catherines, ' not stated		
9 Do Cobourg, ' not stated		
10 Do Prescott, ' 100,000		
11 Do Chatham, ' 5,000		

Supposing that the Bank of Upper Canada increases its capital to £500,000, and Bank at Cobourg a capital of 200,000 pounds, and at St. Catherines of 100,000 pounds; we have the proposals for nine new Banks, with a total capital of 1,250,000 pounds, and for increasing the capital of the present Banks 600,000 pounds, making a total increase of 1,850,000 pounds. The fact that so large an increase of our Banking capital is proposed, shows not only that a large increase is actually necessary, but also that a vast amount of capital can be furnished to supply that increase; for we cannot suppose that the persons who propose so vast an addition to our Banks, have not considered and found the means which are necessary to carry their designs into effect.—*U. C. Herald.*

The Constitutionalists of CORNWALL have not been behind their neighbors in celebrating the victory of their sterling principles. The toasts on the occasion were numerous and loyal, and from them we extract a few, by which it will be seen that in their triumph the Constitutionalists of Cornwall have not forgotten their brethren in bondage in the Lower Province.—*Mont. Gaz.*

The constitutional associations of Upper and Lower Canada; may their united exertions be crowned with success in opposing the wily schemes of the enemy, & may they never want for support—three times three.

The Constitutional Press in Upper and Lower Canada, united in a patriotic purpose, may it never want for support—three times three.

The Legislative Council of Upper and Lower Canada—three times three.

By Mr. Jarvis—Our fellow subjects in Lower Canada of British and Irish origin; may they shortly be invested with that share in the representation of their country to which their birth, talents, and property entitle them; and may they use it so as to destroy effectually the baneful domination of anti-British Legislation, and confer upon the Province what it has scarcely hitherto possessed, the blessings of British supremacy.'

On the 3d of May, 1792, his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, uttered his maiden speech in the House of Lords. It was on the subject of a bill which had already passed the Lower House, and upon which evidence had been examined. Some Noble Lords of great weight and influence were desirous that the bill should proceed without witnesses being called to their bar. The royal Duke strongly opposed this course, and in his argument said, 'Another circumstance had great weight with him; namely that an implicit obedience to the House of Commons, much as he respected that House would render the house of Peers useless, and thus the natural and constituent balance in the constitution would be endangered. This he never would endure.'

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defendant. His Lordship had resumed his seat in the Upper House.

The Irish tithes bill was still under discussion in the House of Commons.

Mr. Grotos' motion for election of Members of Parliament by ballot was debated on the 23d, and lost by a majority of 51. The vote was 88, noes 139.

To the Editor of the *Missiskoui Standard*.

Sir:—In your last paper you have given what somebody has supposed to be the etymology of the word *Canada*, the name of this country. Permit me to give you a different meaning of the term from Father Charlevoix.

There is, says the indefatigable historian of New France, an ancient tradition which relates that the Castilians had entered the country as far as the *Baye des Chaleurs* before the French under the command of Jacques Cartier; and that when they found no mines of silver and gold, the grand objects of their search, they several times pronounced, in the hearing of the savages, the two words, *Aca Nada*, which in their language, it is said, means, *there is nothing here*. The poor Indians, thinking that the mysterious words were of wonderful import, repeated them afterwards to Jacques Cartier and his companions, but they, being ignorant of the Spanish language, as I am, or at least, not supposing the words to be Spanish, perhaps on account of the Indian pronunciation, concluded they were only one word, and meant the name of the country. Hence, the name *CANADA*. There is nothing here.

In the same place you have also given the etymology of the word *Quebec*. It is the same as that given by Father Charlevoix. I wonder the writer did not follow the historian in both cases. The word *Canada*, meaning, *the mouth of the country*, is nonsense. Any place at which you enter any country, may be called its mouth. Hence, every part of the coast of America, at which people may have entered, might with equal reason be called *Canada*. But the other derivation is natural. The Spaniards gave it no name. They only grumbled, *Aca Nada, there is nothing here*, because they found no gold, and the French caught the word from the Indians, under the impression that it was the name of the country.

All the country, now called the Eastern Townships, the State of Vermont, and the State of New York, between Albany & the river St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, once belonged to the Iroquois Indians, a very powerful nation of Savages in their day. In this part of their ancient hunting grounds where we reside, I am not aware of the existence of any memorials of the aboriginal inhabitants except only one solitary word, viz. *Missiskoui*. Charlevoix spells the word *Michisouy*. In his map it designates the Bay and River of that name. What the meaning or etymology of the word is, he has no where told. Will you, if you can, throw any light on this word? Will you be kind enough to inform your readers whether there really are any memorials of the Iroquois, or any other Indians, yet to be found in any part of the Townships?

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
SENEX.

Missiskoui County, 11th Aug., 1836.

(Senex will find, on page 18 of Thompson's Geography of Canada, a note, in which it is said that *Missiskoui* is derived from the two Indian words *Missi* much, and *Kisko* waterfowl. The name *Missisko* is said to have been given by the natives to the bay and river, on account of the abundance of waterfowl in and about there.' Mr. Thompson thinks that *Missisko* is the preferable way of spelling it, because it is most easily pronounced; is shorter and most conformable to the original. The first two of the above reasons would have but little weight with any philologist; Mr. Thompson might for the same reasons change the spelling of *Machillimackinack* into *Mackinaw*, or of *Osage* into *Wau-waskee*.—EN, M. S.)

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, AUGUST 16, 1836.

Renovation!

There is, perhaps, nothing which can shew more the vulgar minded malignity of the revolutionists, as the constant reiteration, at all their meetings, of a resolution, to cease using goods of British manufacture. The same resolutions were passed last year by the dozen, throughout the French parishes, so that no one could plead ignorance. If the French population had formerly consumed *per capita*, an amount of British goods proportionate to that consumed by the population of British, Irish & American origin, or if they had consumed British goods to any great extent, although not proportionate, it is evident, that the putting of those resolutions into effect, must have materially affected the importations of the present season. If, however, the consumption of British goods by the French population, did not, in former years take place to any great extent, then it is evident that their resolutions cannot influence the present year's importations. The actual value of importations for the present year we do not know, (we should be glad if any of our contemporaries in the cities would apprise us,) but we do know that up to the 28th of last month, the amount of tonnage arrived at the port of Quebec, exceeded that of last year at the same date by some tons. From this we presume that the imports have likewise increased over those of last year. If they have what can more strongly prove to the British Government the utter folly of giving up this beautiful province to a set of people which has not the power of doing her any harm by peaceable means.

Look at this!!!

A yard of Calico for a pound of Butter. THE subscriber has received fresh from the market, and offers for sale at his Store in Bedford, a great variety of beautiful French Muslins, London Chintz and Prints of different qualities. Also a new and splendid assortment of Gentlemen's Summer wear; all a little cheaper and better style of Goods, than any offered at present to the public.

Groceries of the best qualities. All kinds of country produce will be received in payment for Dry Goods.

PHILIP H. MOORE.

Bedford, August 16th, 1836.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

THE Commissioners appointed by virtue and under the authority of the Act 6th. Will. I. v. 17. for the SUMMARY TRIAL of SMALL CAUSES, within the Parish of St. Armand East, do hereby give public notice that they will hold their first Court in the Court-Room, in the Village of Frelingsburg, on Saturday the 20th day of August instant, at one o'clock, p.m.

By order of the Commissioners.

JAS. MOIR FERRES, CLERK.

9th August, 1836.

Those, who can conveniently, will oblige, by transacting their business with the Clerk, either in the morning before nine, or in the afternoon after five.

J. M. F. Clerk.

Does our friend of the *Farmers' Advocate* receive the *Standard*, now-a-days? We have not seen an *Advocate* for several weeks.

Some extracts which we found in the *Montreal Herald* will show to our radical friends the multiplied evils, which the Land Company is bringing on the country. That Land Company must be stopped soon, else it will fill the Townships with loyal settlers, and drive people to the necessity of erecting villages and establishing manufactories. Prospects are miserable. Dollars, to the East of us, are by means of the Company, rendered as plenty as squirrels have been here this summer. What an enormous grievance!! Capital is sent, all the way from England, to raise the prosperity of the Townships. The Company's charter must be abolished, before the Farmers of St. Francis get rich.

A Nut for Dr. O'Callaghan.—Wheat of this summer's growth, was last week ground at the mill of Mr. La Grange of this parish. The Eastern Townships cannot produce wheat!! Oh, Doctor, Doctor, what a big lie you do sometimes tell for your 'penny.'

Provincial Parliament is called for 22d September, for dispatch of business.

In consequence of a new rider being put upon the Western route,—by Henryville to Albion and Lacole,—it is possible that a few of our subscribers may be disappointed in receiving their papers. We shall be obliged to the disappointed, by leaving notice with any of our agents.

The Mexicans are pouring into Texas in large bodies and threaten to cross the line and make war upon our borders.—They have even gone so far, it is said, as to declare their intention to sack and burn the city of New Orleans.—*U. S. Paper*.

Births.
At Havensville, Township of Dunham, on Tuesday the 19th July, Mrs. Metcalf Haven, of a Son.

Died.
At Philipsburg, on the 12 instant, after a short illness, Mr. Shaw aged about 26.

Notice.

Broke into the enclosure of the subscriber on the 9th of May last, five SHEEP and two LAMBS. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

Sutton, August 16th 1836. V2 19 tf.

NATHANIEL GIBSON.

Cloth-Dressing!

The following are the prices for dressing cloth:—For Gray, five pence, cash down.

For all other colors, except Indigo Blue, ten pence, cash down, or one shilling in Jan. next.

For Women's wear, six pence, cash down. Cloth will be brought to the work and returned to its owner, by Mr. Enoch Wait... Cloth and most kinds of produce received in payment.

All payments to be made to R. V. V. Frelich.

Wanted

A Journeyman Clothier, to whom good encouragement will be given if application is made soon to the undersigned.

JOHN BROWN.

Freelingsburg, Aug. 16th, 1836. V2—19f.

Renovation!

MR. GARDNER begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Lézole and vicinity, that he will be in Odletown during the present week, and ready on Tuesday morning to commence business; those wishing good work are respectfully invited to call and see his machine in operation; he fears not to say that he will acknowledge no superior, if he has an equal, in Canada or the northern States. If any one disputes him, he is ready to substantiate the same by proof. By lengthy experience he has at last hit upon a proper method of improving his machine, which renders it far superior to any in this country. None of his old customers have had occasion for complaint, and he pledges himself none of his new ones shall.

He would say to those wishing to employ him, Bring in your work, and I can give my whole attention to it, and will tax nothing where you are not well satisfied.

JAMES GARDNER.

N. B. Cash, and most kinds of country produce taken for work, and Credit with good paper not refused; the Discount to those who bring their work, one fourth.

J. G.

The putting of those resolutions into effect, must have materially affected the importations of the present season. If, however, the consumption of British goods by the French population, did not, in former years take place to any great extent, then it is evident that their resolutions cannot influence the present year's importations. The actual value of importations for the present year we do not know, (we should be glad if any of our contemporaries in the cities would apprise us,) but we do know that up to the 28th of last month, the amount of tonnage arrived at the port of Quebec, exceeded that of last year at the same date by some tons. From this we presume that the imports have likewise increased over those of last year. If they have what can more strongly prove to the British Government the utter folly of giving up this beautiful province to a set of people which has not the power of doing her any harm by peaceable means.

J. M. F. Clerk.

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POETRY.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

All hail thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil.
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Caust reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall pro-
Then let the world combine (claim).
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untraveled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame,
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the Bard of Aven sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
We are One!"

THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near;
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye;
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly:
Collins.

In a remote distance of country belonging to Lord Cassilis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—not a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One 'lonesome desert' reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumors arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this 'blasted heath'; and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to hore in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the deathlike stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance, and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage, died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. 'I will

be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as a hiding place in the storm.' Surely, thought he, though alone, I am not forsaken; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollects, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavored to detain him when the other travellers were departing—and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitors of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching the window, where the light within shewed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frisksome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. 'I am not what you take me for,' said the boy, attempting to laugh, 'but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year.' 'Are you alone?' inquired the old woman, in a harsh tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. 'Yes,' said the boy, 'I am alone here; and alas!' he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, 'I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night.' 'Then you are welcome!' said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew near the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not to incur the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect: the curtain seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion and were still left rusty & broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to 'steep themselves in forgetfulness,' though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it they all vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavored to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat they had been slaying; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehension, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

'This is an easier job than you had yesterday,' said the man who held the goat. 'I wish all the throats we have cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night? It was well we had no neighbors within a dozen miles or they must

have heard his cries for help and mercy. 'Don't speak of it,' replied the other; 'I was never fond of bloodshed.'

'Ha, ha!' said the other with a sneer, 'you say so, do you?'

'I do,' answered the first, gloomily; 'the Murder Hole is the thing for me...that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge...and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there.'

'Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there! it sucks them in like a leech!'

'How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?' asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broken the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought ne pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud.

'The boy has fled—let loose the bloodhound!' These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the bloodhound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavored to accelerate its speed,...panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper in his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible! The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,...already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,...despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,...the sight of the blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighborhood. The inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprit confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crime. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern inn (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any discord be heard in the house, or any murder committed in it, this is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and

learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulph to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths, when she describes, with all the animation of an eye witness, the struggles of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance,—when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips; and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the bloodhound,—it is then only that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

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